

*Troilus and Cressida.*

If foules guide vowes; if vowes are sanctimonie;  
If sanctimonie be the gods delight:  
If there be rule in virtue it selfe;  
This is not she: O madnesse of discourse;  
That cause lets vp, with, and against thy selfe;  
By foule authoritie: where reason can reuolt  
Without perdition, and losse assume all reason,  
Without reuolt. This is, and is not *Cressida*:  
Within my soule, there doth conduce a fight  
Of this strange nature, that a thing inepereate,  
Diuides more wider then the skie and earth;  
And yet the spacious bredth of this diuision,  
Admits no Orifex for a point as subtle;  
As *Ariachnes* broken woofe to enter:  
Instance, O instance! Strong as *Plutoes* gates:  
*Cressida* is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen;  
Instance, O instance, strong as heauen it selfe:  
The bonds of heauen are slipt, dissol'd, and loos'd;  
And with another knot fine finger tied,  
The fractions of her faith, ors of her loue:  
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,  
Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*.  
*Vliss*. May worthy *Troilus* be halfe attached  
With that which here his passion doth expresse?  
*Troy*. I Greeke: and that shall be divulged well  
In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart  
Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did yong man fancy  
With so eternall, and so fixt a soule.  
*Harke* Greeke: as much I doe *Cressida* loue;  
So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed*.  
That *Sleeue* is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:  
Were it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,  
My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout,  
Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,  
Constring'd in masse by the almighty Penne,  
Shall dizzle with more clamour *Neptunes* care  
In his descent; then shall my prompted sword,  
Falling on *Diomed*.  
*Ther*. Heele tickle it for his concupie.  
*Troy*. O *Cressida*! O false *Cressida*! false, false, false:  
Let all vntruths stand by thy stained name,  
And theyle seeme glorious.  
*Vliss*. O containe your selfe:  
Your passion drawes eares hither.  
*Enter Aeneas*.  
*Aeneas*. I haue bene seeking you this houre my Lord:  
*Hector* by this is arming him in *Troy*.  
*Ajax* your Guard, staies to conduct you home.  
*Troy*. Haue with you Prince: my courteous Lord adew:  
Farewell reuolted faire: and *Diomed*,  
Stand fast and weare a Caske on thy head.  
*Vliss*. He bring you to the Gates.  
*Troy*. Accept distracted thanks.  
*Exeunt Troilus, Aeneas, and Vliss*.  
*Ther*. Would I could meete that rogue *Diomed*, I  
would croke like a Rauen: I would bode, I would bode:  
*Patroclus* will giue me any thing for the intelligence of  
his whore: the *Patrot* will not doe more for an Almond,  
then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, still  
warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning  
diuell take them.  
*Enter Hector and Andromache*.  
And Which was my Lord so much vngently temper'd,  
To stop his eares against admonishment?  
Vnarme, vnarme, and doe not fight to day.  
*Hect*. You traine me to offend you: get you gone.

By the cuerlasting gods, he goe.  
*And*. My dreames will sure proue ominous to the day.  
*Hect*. No more I say.  
*Cassa*. Where is my brother *Hector*?  
*And*. Here sifter, arm'd, and bloody in intent:  
Confort with me in loud and deere petition:  
pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreamt  
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night  
Hath nothing bene but shapes, and formes of slaughter.  
*Cass*. O, 'tis true.  
*Hect*. Ho? bid my Trumpet sound.  
*Cass*. No notes of fallie, for the heauens, sweet brother.  
*Hect*. Begon I say: the gods haue heard me sweare.  
*Cass*. The gods are deafe to hot and peeuish vowes:  
They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd  
Then spotted Liuers in the sacrifice.  
*And*. O be perswaded, doe not count it holy,  
To hurt by being iust; it is as lawfull:  
For we would count giue much to as violent thefts,  
And rob in the behalfe of charitie.  
*Cass*. It is the purpose that makes strong the vowe;  
But vowe to every purpose must not hold:  
Vnarme sweete *Hector*.  
*Hect*. Hold you still I say;  
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:  
Life every man holds deere, but the deere man  
Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.  
*Enter Troilus*.  
How now yong man? mean'st thou to fight to day?  
*And*. *Cassandra*, call my father to perswade.  
*Exit Cassandra*.  
*Hect*. No faith yong *Troilus*; doste thy harnessse youth.  
I am to day th'vaine of Chivalrie:  
Let grow thy Sinews till thy knots be strong;  
And tempt not yet the brush of the warre.  
Vnarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not braue boy,  
He stand to day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.  
*Troy*. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you;  
Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.  
*Hect*. What vice is that? good *Troilus* chide me for it.  
*Troy*. When many times the captiue Grecian falls,  
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword:  
You bid them rise, and liue.  
*Hect*. O 'tis faire play.  
*Troy*. Fooles play, by heauen *Hector*.  
*Hect*. How now? how now?  
*Troy*. For th'loue of all the gods  
Let's leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers;  
And when we haue our Armors buckled on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our swords,  
Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.  
*Hect*. Pie sauage, fie.  
*Troy*. *Hector*, then 'tis warres.  
*Hect*. *Troilus*, I would not haue you fight to day.  
*Troy*. Who should with-hold me?  
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,  
Beckning with fierie truncheon my retire;  
Not *Priamus*, and *Hecuba* on knees;  
Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares;  
Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne  
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way:  
But by my ruine.  
*Enter Priam and Cassandra*.  
*Cass*. Lay hold vpon him *Priam*, hold him fast:  
He is thy crutch; now if thou loose thy stay,  
Thou on him leaning; and all *Troy* on thee,

*Troilus and Cressida.*

Fall all together.  
*Priam*. Come *Hector*, come, goe backe:  
Thy wife hath dreamt: thy mother hath had visions;  
*Cassandra* doth foresee; and I my selfe,  
Am like a Prophet suddenly enapt,  
To tell thee that this day is ominous:  
Therefore come backe.  
*Hect*. *Aeneas* is a field,  
And I do stand engag'd to many Greekes,  
Euen in the faith of valour, to appeare  
This morning to them.  
*Priam*. I, but thou shalt not goe.  
*Hect*. I must not breake my faith:  
You know me dutifull, therefore deare sir,  
Let me not shame respect; but giue me leaue  
To take that course by your consent and voice,  
Which you doe here forbid me, Royall *Priam*.  
*Cass*. O *Priam*, yeelde not to him.  
*And*. Doe not deere father.  
*Hect*. *Andromache* I am offended with you:  
Vpon the loue you beare me, get you in.  
*Exit Andromache*.  
*Troy*. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girle,  
Makes all these bodements.  
*Cass*. O farewell, deere *Hector*:  
Looke how thou die'st; looke how thy eye turnes pale:  
Looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents:  
*Harke* how *Troy* roares; how *Hecuba* cries out;  
How poore *Andromache* shrits her dolour forth;  
Behold distraction, frenzie, and amazement,  
Like witleffe Antickes one another meete,  
And all cry *Hector*, *Hectors* dead: O *Hector*!  
*Troy*. Away, away.  
*Cass*. Farewell: yes, soft: *Hector* I take my leaue;  
Thou do'st thy selfe, and all our *Troy* deceiue.  
*Exit*.  
*Hect*. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime:  
Goe in and cheere the Towne, wee le forth and fight:  
Doe deedes of praise, and tell you them at night.  
*Priam*. Farewell: the gods with safetie stand about  
thee.  
*Alarum*.  
*Troy*. They are at it, harke: proud *Diomed*, belecue  
I come to loose my arme, or winne my *Sleeue*.  
*Enter Pandar*.  
*Pand*. Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?  
*Troy*. What now?  
*Pand*. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.  
*Troy*. Let me reade.  
*Pand*. A whorson tickle, a whorson rascally tickle,  
so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girle, and  
what one thing, what another, that I shall leaue you one  
o'th' dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too; and  
such an ache in my bones; that vnlesse a man were curst,  
I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes shee  
there?  
*Troy*. Words, words, more words, no matter from  
the heart;  
Th'effect doth operate another way.  
Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:  
My loue with words and errors still she feedes;  
But edifies another with her deedes.  
*Pand*. Why, but heare you?  
*Troy*. Hence brother lackie: ignomie and shame  
Pursue thy life, and lue aye with thy name.  
*Alarum*. *Exeunt*.

*Enter Therites in excursion.*

*Ther*. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, He  
goe looke on: that dissembling abhominable varlet *Di-*  
*med*, has got that same scurue, doting, foolish yong  
knaues *Sleeue* of *Troy*, there in his Helme: I would faine  
see them meet; that, that same yong Troian ass, that loues  
the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-mai-  
sterly villaine, with the *Sleeue*, backe to the dissembling  
luxurious drabbe, of a *Sleeue* lesse errant. O'th' tother side,  
the pollicie of those craftie swearing rascals; that stole  
old *Moufe*-eaten dry cheefe, *Nestor*: and that same dog-  
foxe *Vliss*' is not prou'd worth a Black-berry. They set  
me vp in pollicy, that mungrell curie *Ajax*, against that  
dogge of as bad a kinde, *Achilles*. And now is the curie  
*Ajax* prouder then the curie *Achilles*, and will not arme  
to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaime  
barbarisme; and pollicie growes into an ill opinion.  
*Enter Diomed and Troilus*.  
Soft, here comes *Sleeue*, and th'other.  
*Troy*. Flye not: for should'st thou take the Riuer *Stix*,  
I would swim after.  
*Diom*. Thou do'st miscall retire:  
I doe not flye; but aduantageous care  
Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:  
Haue at thee?  
*Ther*. Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore  
Troian: Now the *Sleeue*, now the *Sleeue*.  
*Enter Hector*.  
*Hect*. What art thou Greeke? art thou for *Hectors* match?  
Art thou of blood, and honour?  
*Ther*. No, no: I am a rascall: a scurue railing knaue:  
a very filthy rogue.  
*Hect*. I doe beleue thee, liue.  
*Ther*. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleue me; but a  
plague breake thy necke---for frightening me: what's be-  
come of the wenching rogues? I thinke they haue  
swallowed one another. I would laugh at that mira-  
cle---yet in a fort, lecherie eates it selfe: He seeke them.  
*Exit*.  
*Enter Diomed and Seruants*.  
*Diom*. Goe, goe, my seruant, take thou *Troilus* Horse;  
Present the faire Steede to my Lady *Cressida*:  
Fellow, commend my seruice to her beauty;  
Tell her, I haue chastis'd the amorous Troian.  
And am her Knight by prooffe.  
*Ser*. I goe my Lord. *Enter Agamemnon*.  
*Agam*. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamus*  
Hath beate downe *Memon*: bastard *Morgarelon*  
Hath *Doreus* prisoner.  
And stands *Calossus*-wife wauing his beame,  
Vpon the pathed courses of the Kings:  
*Epistropus* and *Cedus*, *Polyxenes* is laine;  
*Amphimachus*, and *Thous* deadly hurt;  
*Patroclus* cane or laine, and *Palamedes*  
Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadfull *Sagittary*  
Appaulls our numbers, haste we *Diomed*  
To re-enforcement, or we perish all.  
*Enter Nestor*.  
*Nest*. Goe beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,  
And bid the snail-pac'd *Ajax* arme for shame;  
There is a thousand *Hectors* in the field:  
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his Horse,  
And there lacks worke: ano't he's there a foote,  
And there they flye or dye, like scaled sculs,  
Before